

(2)
A

CHARACTER

DEFENDED.

*Cavete vero vobis à Pseudoprophetis, qui veni-
unt ad vos cum Vestimentis Ovium, sed In-
Intrinssecus sunt Lupi rapaces. A Fructibus
eorum agnoscetis eos.—* MAT. 7. 15, 16.

Nil facilius est, quàm VERA dicere.

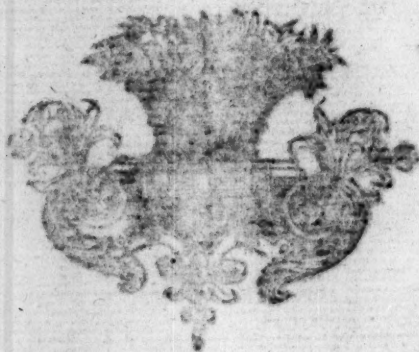
Ψεύδῃ μὲν πάντες σοφὸς, καὶ χεῖρισται.



PRINTED in the Year, 1717.

DEFENSE

1. *Yucca glauca* (L.) Rostk.
 2. *Yucca elata* (L.) Rostk.
 3. *Yucca filamentosa* (L.) Rostk.
 4. *Yucca alopecuroides* (L.) Rostk.
 5. *Yucca baccata* (L.) Rostk.
 6. *Yucca rostrata* (L.) Rostk.
 7. *Yucca angustifolia* (L.) Rostk.
 8. *Yucca stricta* (L.) Rostk.
 9. *Yucca gloriosa* (L.) Rostk.
 10. *Yucca montana* (L.) Rostk.



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CHARACTER

DEFENDED.

AS long as C—le can write, and C—n
 rage,
 So long will I for *Truth* itself engage,
 So long I'll paint All *Truth-opposing* Men?
 And who restrains my Verse, or stops my Pen?
 Nor Peace my Mind, nor Rest my Will affords;
 The *Truth* inspires, and guides my flowing
 Words.
 The Saints blest Faith with Boldness I'll defend,
 Against all those who do our Doctrines rend.
 What Ways, what Methods have been left
 unus'd?
 Yet all th' Efforts were vain, and all abus'd.
 No other Path but this is left untry'd:
 And who dare now this strenuous Verse deride?

A z

No

No Arguments shall overthrow my Ryme,
 'Tis built on Truth, that bears the Rage of
 Time.

Forbear your *Carnal Sense*, nor here intrude ;
 I'm arm'd by *Truth*, and the Apostle *Jude*.

“ Contend, says he, contend against all those

“ Who do our *Faith* resist, and *Truth* oppose.

“ These are the Men, crept in at unawares,

“ Who sow Contentions and occasion Jars.

“ Exempt from these, who spoil the *Churches*
 Peace,

“ And turn God's Grace into Lasciviousness,

“ Long might the Godly find the tranquil State,

“ That by Humility can make 'em Great.

“ These are the Dreamers who the Flesh defile,

“ Despise the Churches Pow'r, and Life revile.

“ These scorn to tread the blest Arch-Angel's
 Way,

“ Whose Hearts in Pride's unbounded Foot-
 steps stray.

“ True, these have Knowledge, and abound
 in Wit ;

“ But 'tis all *nat'ral*, nor for Worship fit :

“ They speak of things they never understood ;

“ And *Balaam's* Doctrines hold, reverse from
 good.

“ These

- " These are the Spots in Charitable Feasts,
 " Who feed without all Fear, and spoil the
 Guests.
 " They're empty Clouds, tost by impetuous Air,
 " And Trees that sprout, and with'ring Pro-
 ducts bear ;
 " Too plain the Cause, they want the Life
 and Heat,
 " That all the Boughs with lasting Fruit repleat.
 " Like furions Waves, they rage, and toss,
 and foam,
 " Or like the Stars that from their Orbits rome.
 " These are the Men we must in haste restrain,
 " And curb their Faults with a severer Rein.
 " *Enoch*, the seventh from our transgressing Sire,
 " Foretold of these in his prophetick Fire ;
 " *Behold, the Lord* (his Words are true & plain)
 " *Shall come in Thousands of his Saints to reign ;*
 " *Reprove th' Ungodly, and accuse the Base,*
 " *Display their Follies and their Errors trace.*
 " *From them hard Speeches and bold Looks proceed,*
 " *They're touch'd and murmur when their Faults*
 they read :

" Their Lust's the Pleasure of their wanton Heart,

" They vainly speak, and swelling Words impart."

" They other Objects than the Truth desire,

" Mens Persons flatter, and their Modes admire ;

" Not for their sakes, but meer Advantage, praise,

*" And mounting these, they think themselves they
raise.*

Both Jude and Enoch did of Old rehearse
What I here cite, and square to Rules of Verse.

Nor yet shall I the Sacred Scripture leave,

But here the Apostles Words and Caution give.

" In the last Time the Mockers shall encrease,

*" From those who hold the Faith and Truth
profess :*

" No foreign Pow'r shall ruin our repose,

" But whom our strict religious Bounds enclose.

These force themselves into the *House of Pray'r,*

And mix their Worship with the Pious there,

Possess with Envy and malicious Ire,

Their Altars blaze with *Nadab's* common Fire.

They yet pretend what they in Works deny,

And let their Hearts give their false Tongues
the Lye.

They

They praise a Life that's mix'd with Awe
and Fear,
Approve that Way, and in a diff'rent steer.

This was perceiv'd by the Great Gard'ner's
Eye,
Whose tender Care does still our Wants supply,
In him, who long had till'd the fruitless Ground,
His Life was known and shining Presence
found,
Go, says the Internal Voice, *and make appear,*
They're slid from Truth, and are not what you were.
The Time of Sixty Years, how strange they're grown,
They're scarce by Habit or by Gesture known!
The sweet Remembrance of the House of God,
When we first knew the self-denying Road,
Makes me the Loss, in melting Grief, deplore,
The Structure is not as it was before.
Pride now is rooted, and remains within:
They tread, unthinking, in the Path of Sin.
True, they profess and hold the Sacred Pow'r,
But come not in at the appointed Door.
I mourn, says he, to see this House possess
With Sinners, where the Saints shou'd find their
Rest. *I tell*

I tell you, Friends, your Way's not Heav'n's Road,
 Strait is that Path, and plain the House of God ;
 But yours uneven is, and rough, and broad.
 Yet Truth's the same in Life, the same in Pow'r,
 And her pure Way is what it was before.
 Rouse up, Rouse up your selves and listen now ;
 Your lofty Course of Living shou'd be low.
 Now we scarce know you in the open Street :
 Saints ye shou'd be whom we like Sinners meet.
 But Plainness now is made a common Jeer,
 They've lost their Sense, and Love, and Aw, and Fear.
 I mean not, That you all forsake the Way ;
 There's still a Remnant that will never stray,
 Who've bought the Truth, and ne'er will Truth
 forsake ;
 The Truth alone they their Foundation make.
 These Trees bring Fruit, and oft have wat'ed been,
 Their Leaves are fair, and Sap remains within :
 'Tis Truth alone has made them what they are,
 And by the Truth they all their Products bear.

Thus

Thus the grave Pastor spoke, and thus he
taught,
And for th' Assembly's Good God's Blessing
fought.

Thus he declar'd, whilst some within 'em said.

Now shines the Day where Darkness was o'erspread,

But lest his Counsel shou'd be lost in Air,

He shew'd his Love and told his godly Care ;

Such are our inward Foes, and such their Pow'r,

That good Seed as it's sown they'd fain devour.

To good Success his Labour might have been,

Were it reserv'd and treasur'd up within ;

That those who this Advice and Counsel want,

Might find their Breasts inflam'd, and Hearts
for *Truth* to pant.

Yet such the Pastors fallen State is known,

In this great City and presumptuous Town,

What One *inspir'd* shall preach, another
preaches down.

Here this was preach'd not long, e're G——
next

Was heard contrary, in a Style perplex :

No

No artful Accents flow'd; no Life appear'd;
 No Rev'rence known, to be both aw'd and
 fear'd;
 No moving Sentence in his lifeless Strain,
 But as ambiguous as his Words were vain.
 His Tongue and Speech did his own Fault
 confess,
 Took from the jeering Author, *Hudibras*.
 'Twas here he smil'd at pure Religion's Mode,
 Decry'd Simplicity, and banter'd Good;
That Friends, as if inspir'd, from Vapours preach,
And vain Chimera's for sound Doctrines teach.
 'Twas I that heard him rave, and I'll maintain
 The Truth, and raise it o'er his senseless Strain:
 For Zion's sake I'm mov'd; for her I'll write:
 My Heart's inspir'd with Words as fast as I
 indite.
 Like Mists and Fogs that fly before the Sun,
 Such cloudy Phrase before my Verse shall run:
 Pure Zion's Righteousness shall sally forth,
 And with bright Rays shew her exalted Worth.
 Hear, ye Stout-hearted, hear my zealous Cry,
 Who have been vail'd from Truth, now to it fly:
Return,

Return, while there's allotted Space, return;
 'Tis for your sakes her Gates are open born:
 Both Night and Day the Voice of *Wisdom* calls,
 To haste to *Zion*, to *Salvation's* Walls.
 Strong is the Fortrefs, and the *Light* your Guide,
 The *Light* that G——ites so oft deride.
 Her *Watchmen* call, who on her Bulwarks stand,
 Make haste to *Zion*, to the *Holy Land*.
 This is the Dispensation; this the Time
 We find internal Heav'n and Faith sublime:
 'Tis here; we find the *Feast of Fatness* here,
 Where *Light* and *Truth* rule in their proper
 Sphere.
 Here is the Altar where the Saints partake;
 Hither th' Uncircumcis'd a Journey take;
 When Times of Want and great Distress
 surround,
 Here their Provision and their Tow'r is found.
 Here does the unmade Tabernacle stay,
 And what the *High Priest* shews, here all obey.
 Here lies the Substance: this will bear the Test,
 When Judgment reigns in ev'ry secret Breast.

Here

Here *Inspiration's* found, and here we breathe,
Wrapt up in Life, nor fear a second Death.

Some Men may wonder why I take this Strain,
And why I thus advise, and why complain?
The *Times of Ignorance* are vanish'd now;
Let all to Judgment, by Repentance, bow:
Dawn'd is the Day, the *true Light* shines abroad;
The *Light and Fire of Isr'el* points the Road.
Now all should turn to this, and this possess;
Nor fear the Rage of bold *Diotrephes*.
The *Mission'd Servants* now shall plow the Field,
And *Sharon's Rose* the Wilderness shall yeild;
The fallow-Ground shall find the *Coulters* pow'r,
The Weeds and Brambles shall aspire no more.
Are Men so void of Understanding still,
Not to receive God's Grace and heav'nly Will?
These are the Ways he your Salvation gives,
And he that hears and fears in Safety lives.
'Tis only this I seek, I seek not yours;
Salvation stands at all your closed Doors:

Then

Then open, and attend your Hearts to this,
 Since this alone assures you Happiness.

Here stands the Leader whom the Lord hath
 sent,

Be you, like *Jeshurun's* King, on him intent,
 Adhear to Him, what he in secret says;

He guides in Sacred Paths, and Holy Ways:

'Tis he inspires at once the Tongue and Heart,

Does Doctrines true, and heav'nly Laws impart.

How strange it is, That in these latter Days,

Some would these *Principles* and *Truths* deface!

I wonder, and admire at what they aim:

Dare they the *Life* and *Pow'r of Truth* defame!

Couple, ye Curtains! Let each Tach take hold,

Enshroud the Tent, around your Lengths
 unfold,

Th' Inside's purer than the finest Gold.

Ye vig'rous Men of *Judah's* Tribe, stand fast;

On you, from *Levi*, is the Priesthood plac'd;

The *Lyon* of that Tribe has now prevail'd,

Broke are the Seals, and sacred Book reveal'd:

The

The budding Rods and Pot of Manna's seen;
Sanctum Sanctorum now is known within:
 The great *High-Priest* does consecrate the Way,
 And 'into the *Holy of Holys* leads in this Our
 Gospel-Day:

'Tis chang'd; Believing *Gentiles* here resort,
 And tread, without Restraint, the Holy Court.
 'Tis here true Preachers keep their fix'd Abode,
 And preaching, speak like *Oracles of God*:
 They need not ask *Permission* what to say;
 They find their Words from *Life*, and them
 by *Life* display.

Not such are G——n, P——ce; nor all the rest,
 Who *Zion's* Peace and Happy State inest.

Now to the Men, who my first Piece dislike,
 I turn, and shew the Reason why I strike:
 The Picture tells (and sure you'll grant me this)
 At once, what he *IS* not, and what he *IS*:

Indeed

Indeed I might some other Colours use;
 His false Comparisons and gross Abuse:
 With **thingumthangums* make the Shades agree,
 As brown, dark, swarthy, and as black as he;
 Black as His Life and Pow'r, without Controul
 That * Rides away, thro' th' Ear down to the Soul.
 But here's enough, except you're partial grown,
 To make you G—n's Works and Words disown.
 I've drawn an *Ishmael* and an *Isaac* too;
 You'll see which is the false, and which the true.
 No Snuff-box-Taunts the one in Worship makes,
 And t'other Mocking Mobbing Methods takes:
 One Nat'ral all, and t'other Half Divine,
 Whose Words who dare deny, or who confine?
 In all I'm true, I'm honest, plain and short,
 And can with Reason and with Sense comport.
 You who dislike, a better Scheme prefer,
 And draw in Verse a more Just Character.

Vindictæ Cupidus sibi Malum accersit: * These are G——n's Expressions retorted, left to the Reader to make competent Sense of, and wholly directed to himself; because *Stultus nisi quod ipse facit, nil rectum putat*.

F I N I S.